

Revolution Chronicles #4:Kafits for Luck

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I opened the door quietly. < Halais? > < Sinia!Off on another mission? > < Yes, >I answered,embracing the senior Andalite.He was Jaradara's father, and he filled in for mine too. < Well, >he said,pulling his military tags off his neck,< Kafits for luck. > I fingered the tags.They were in the shape of a kafit and had his numbers and ID from when he was in the official Andalite military.THE military. That was as hard as disappearing into thin air. < Well,I'll see you later,hopefully, >I called. < Don't forget,you use your tailblade to kill things,not those! >he yelled back.I laughed and ran towards my goal.

I raced through the regrowing forest,careful to avoid Lake Flaar.No way I was running into that again.I had a slightly bad feeling about this. Just caution instincts really.You'd really think it'd be easier to go in and out of possible death.Far from true.You may learn how to deal with it better,but it is always hard.Always.I kept going,careful to see other Andalites before they saw me.I could morph,but I truly didn't like to do it,and I didn't much anyway.Andalites are scared of Sinia.Not a kafit. It was an in and out spy mission.No big deal.Took me five minutes.I got back to the rebel base,gave Jaradara the information,gave Halais his tags and had some small talk,but mostly I wanted to go back to my quarters and fall asleep.I admit that freely.I hadn't slept in over two weeks.When I got to my quarters.When I got there there was a very young Andalite youth standing off to the side.And a note.It read: Dear Sister, This is Fanali-Latrai-Collouganth,your niece.My wife and my land were destroyed,and we were hoping you wouldn't mind taking care of her.Your choice.We know you're a busy person.But we won't be around to take care of her anymore. Nalak-Gothrow-Leevasila

My brother?Alive?Niece?My mind was reeling.I swiveled a stalk eye at the youth.She was young enough to think of me as her mother.Maybe. < Mother? >she asked timidly. Yup. < Yes,Fanali? > < Where are we? > <

Our home,sweetheart, >I sighed.< Home. >

< Jaradara,you are not helping me here, >I yelled,pacing across the room. < How am I supposed to take care of a youth?I can barely keep myself alive!I can't be her mother. > < Sinia,calm down.If she sees you upset like this,she'll get upset. > I put my head in my hands and leaned on the wall. < I don't know what to do, >I admitted.< I don't.It's easier being a warrior,you know what you have to.You don't make the decision. > Jaradara came over and put his arm around my shoulders in a protective gesture.< You could always send her to an orphanage. > < No, >I said firmly.< No.I won't do that to her. > < Well,it's not a crime to ask for help,you know. > < Yes it is, >I said,walking away.I turned to face him.< For me,it is.I'm supposed to be tough.Unbreakable.If word goes out I've been asking for help,I won't be worth anything anymore. > He thought for a moment.< Where there's a will,there's a way, >he quoted. < Don't worry Sinia,we'll get through this together. > I nodded.< Thanks,Jaradara. >

I spent as much time as I could with Fanali.I did all the things with her that I could remember my parents doing with me.We weren't that different,actually.Both of us had become orphans at an early age.I'd had a different name though.The term was 'slave'.I admit,I was probably a bit strict with her,because I didn't want her to be in the way if a spy showed up,or in case there was a mass attack on the rebel base,which everyone expected to happen soon.Jaradara had been more than fair,taking care of Fanali when I was out on missions,which I refused to stop,and rumors spread like wildfire about Fanali.So she grew up,and I taught her tailfighting,technology,all the things I knew.It would still be a few years before she could take care of herself,and Jaradara and I were closer than ever.We both loved each other,but neither of us could settle down,nor did we want to. Jaradara was right.If there's a will,there's always a way.

End
file.